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STAR-LORD: IN FOR THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
MONDAY, JANUARY 12TH 8:30PM/ET ESPN

Half human, half alien. Part-time Guardian of the Galaxy, full-time gunslinger. Peter Quill roams the cosmos in search of adventure as the...

LEGENDARY STAR-LORD

So…Peter thought he was going to finally get a little personal time with the new lady in his life, Kitty Pryde. Dating can be a little tough when there are light years between you and the only contact you have is hologram phones. So let's just say that Peter really could have benefited from this much needed date going well. Unfortunately, no one told the Slaughter Squad, as they suddenly ambushed Peter just as things seemed to be going right…classic, right? Taking him back to their base of operations, Peter was brought face-to-face with the man who has been chasing him, Mister Knife, who unmasked himself to reveal a familiar face -- Peter's father, J-Son! Lucky for Peter, he's got the coolest girl in the galaxy on his side. Hijacking the Avengers spacejet and pushing past a crippling fear of space? Yeah…
Kitty is definitely the coolest girl in the galaxy.

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"I CAN'T BELIEVE THE LEGENDARY KITTY PRYDE CRASHED INTO AN ASTEROID."
"I TOLD YOU, I HATE SPACE."
"FAIL. YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I FOUND YOU."
"WERE YOU STALKING ME?"
BAD BOY
YEAH, RIGHT. YOU GOT THE PETER PHONE, DON'T YOU? I TRACKED THE SIGNAL.
SAME WAY WE'RE GONNA FIND PETER, BY PINGING HIS KITTY PHONE.
TONY STARK IS GONNA BE SO MAD I WRECKED THE AVENGERS SPACEJET.
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING, LYDIA?
YOU'RE HERE TO RESCUE PETER!
I MEAN, YOU'RE, LIKE, IN LOVE WITH HIM OR WHATEVER. RIGHT?
UH, WELL...
ALL I KNOW IS WHEN THEY GRABBED HIM, THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS GETTING OFF EARTH AND SAVING HIS DUMB ASS.
I MADE HIM A PROMISE THAT IF--
PAUSE! WE'RE HERE!
WHAAAT?
PETER IS IN... THERE?!
YUP. THEY CALL IT--

THE FLYING FORTRESS!

IT'S MISTER KNIFE'S FANCY-PANTS SECRET HIDEOUT. THAT'S WHY NO ONE CAN FIND HIM-- HE'S ALWAYS ON THE MOVE.

PETER AND DRAX GOT THE SECRET OUT OF RAKSOR THE SKRULL. DON'T ASK HOW.

OH MAN... THERE'S A LOT OF GUARDS.

WELL, IT IS A SECRET HIDEOUT. KNIFE'S WHOLE CRIME SYNDICATE IS BASED HERE.

AND IF THE SLAUGHTER SQUAD IS HOME, WELL, THEN--

THE SLAUGHTER SQUAD?!

I'M SCANNING IT AS HARD AS I CAN, BUT--

--I CAN'T GET A FIX ON THE INTERIORS. IT'S LIKE A MAZE IN THERE!

WONDERFUL...

NO BIGGIE! CAN'T YOU JUST WALK THROUGH WALLS OR WHATEVER?
I GET INTANGIBLE, NOT INVISIBLE!
WHEN THEY SEE ME, WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO TO PETER? I WON'T HAVE TIME TO BROWSE.
I HATE THIS. I HATE SPACE!
I CAN'T PULL THIS OFF BY MYSELF, I SHOULD GO GET THE GUARDIANS OR THE X-MEN AND WHEN WE COME BACK WE CAN--
HECK NO, EARTH GIRL!
KNIFE HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET AT PETER FOR WEEKS! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT TO DO TO HIM IN THERE?!
WE GOTTA DO THIS NOW!
OKAY, OKAY! JUST LET ME THINK.
(DUDE, YOU ARE THE MOST ANNOYING COMPUTER EVER.)
WHY DIDN'T I LEARN MY LESSON?
THAT WHOLE TIME I WAS FLYING THROUGH SPACE, TRAPPED IN THE GIANT, STUPID BULLET, I NEVER--
WAIT.
LYDIA, HOW WELL CAN YOU MANEUVER THIS THING?

DAD. THIS IS NICE. WE DON'T SPEND ENOUGH TIME TOGETHER.
"SON! YOU LOOK GREAT! HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING OUT?"
AW, THANKS, DAD. JUST BEEN RUNNING AROUND THE COSMOS. TURNS OUT SOMEONE NAMED "MISTER KNIFE" PUT A PRICE ON MY HEAD.
"MISTER KNIFE? WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE? OH, WAIT, THAT'S ME!"
I KNOW! MY OWN DAD. ISN'T THAT KIND OF FLARKED UP?!
"OH, I DON'T KNOW, NOW THAT I'M SOME STUPID SPACE GANGSTER--
CZAR.
QUIET, QUILL!
AAAUGH--!
HUFF
YOU BEEN WORKING OUT TOO, CZAR?
I AM NO GANGSTER.
I AM SIMPLY THE ILLEGALLY DEPOSED KING OF THE SPARTAX EMPIRE.

YOU'RE A WAR CRIMINAL, ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW.
I AM ESCAPING UNJUST PERSECUTION.
TERRORIZING SPARTAX WITH VIOLENCE!
RESTORING POWER.
FRAUD! EXTORTION! STEALING!
FUNDRAISING.
YOU'RE A COMMON CRIMINAL!
WRONG!
I AM DOING WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS DONE.
EMPIRE BUILDING. BUT BECAUSE OF YOUR IMPERTINENCE, I MUST NOW DO IT FROM SCRATCH.
YOU DUG YOUR OWN GRAVE!
YOU INCITED REVOLT AGAINST ME.
YOU RAN SPARTAX INTO THE GROUND!
IT IS YOUR FAULT THAT SPARTAX IS IN RUINS! EVERYTHING OUR FAMILY BUILT--A THOUSAND YEARS OF RULE, CRUMBLING TO DUST!
WITHOUT ME, THE EMPIRE FALLS APART.
SOUNDS LIKE YOU BUILT A CRAP EMPIRE, THEN.
KRAK

Heh heh heh.
SILENCE, BLIGH.
IN YOUR TINY HEAD, PERHAPS THE LINE BETWEEN A CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE AND AN EMPIRE IS THIN.
IN REALITY, NOBODY CARES.
ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS WHO HOLDS THE GUN, AND WHERE THEY'RE POINTING IT.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT THE BLACK VORTEX IS, DO YOU? IT'S LIKE HAVING AN INFINITE NUMBER OF GUNS.
BUT I CAN'T HAVE YOU RUINING MY RETURN TO POWER.
YOU GONNA KILL ME, BIG GUY?
NOTHING SO OBVIOUS.
KRZZZAK
I AM GOING TO BRAINWASH YOU. THEN SEND YOU BACK TO THE GUARDIANS.
SO YOU CAN KILL YOUR PATHETIC, KRUTAKING FRIENDS FOR ME.
DAD...
NOBODY CALLS THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY KRUTAKERS!

YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, KITTY?
NO! I MEAN--
YES!
REMEMBER-- FULL SPEED, DIRECTLY AT PETER'S SIGNAL, THEN--
YEAH, YEAH, I GOT IT!
JUST BE PRECISE!
AND WATCH LOCKHEED!
YOU CAN MAKE ME FORGET MY NAME--
KRZZZAK

SKREEEECH
BAD BOY
NOW...
SLAM THE BRAKES!
WHAAAOUUUUGH!
LATER!
WHAT THE--
KRZZZAK
--YOU CAN MAKE ME FORGET MY FRIENDS--

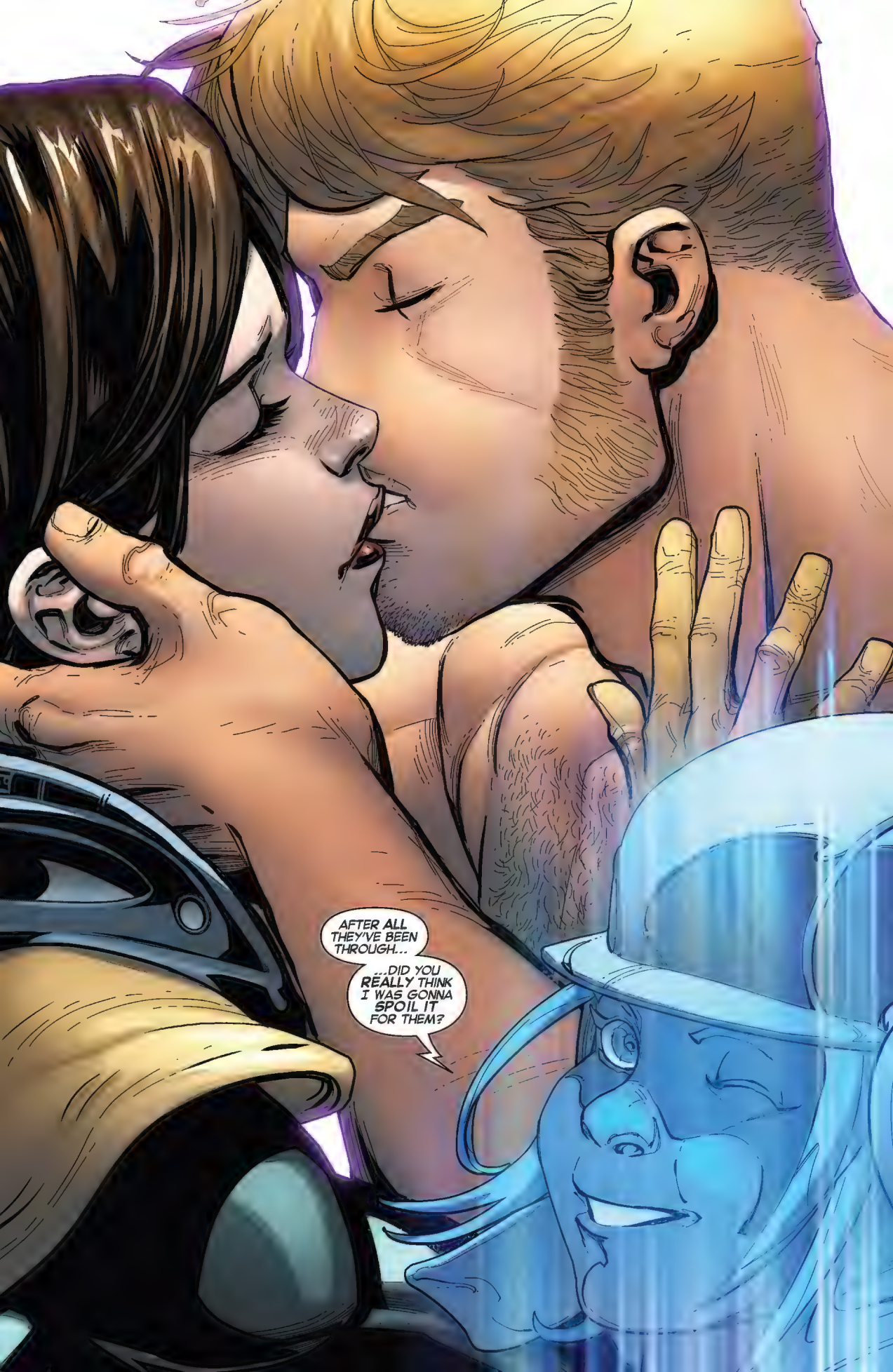
FIRE!
ZAK
ZAK ZAK
KBSHOOOM
ZAK
ZAK
ZAK
COMING THROUGH!
--BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET--
--YOU'RE A REAL SKUNK BUCKET!
FRY HER!
ZAK ZAK ZAK
OCCUPIED!
SORRY!
HEY!
RAAAAGUH!
Eh?

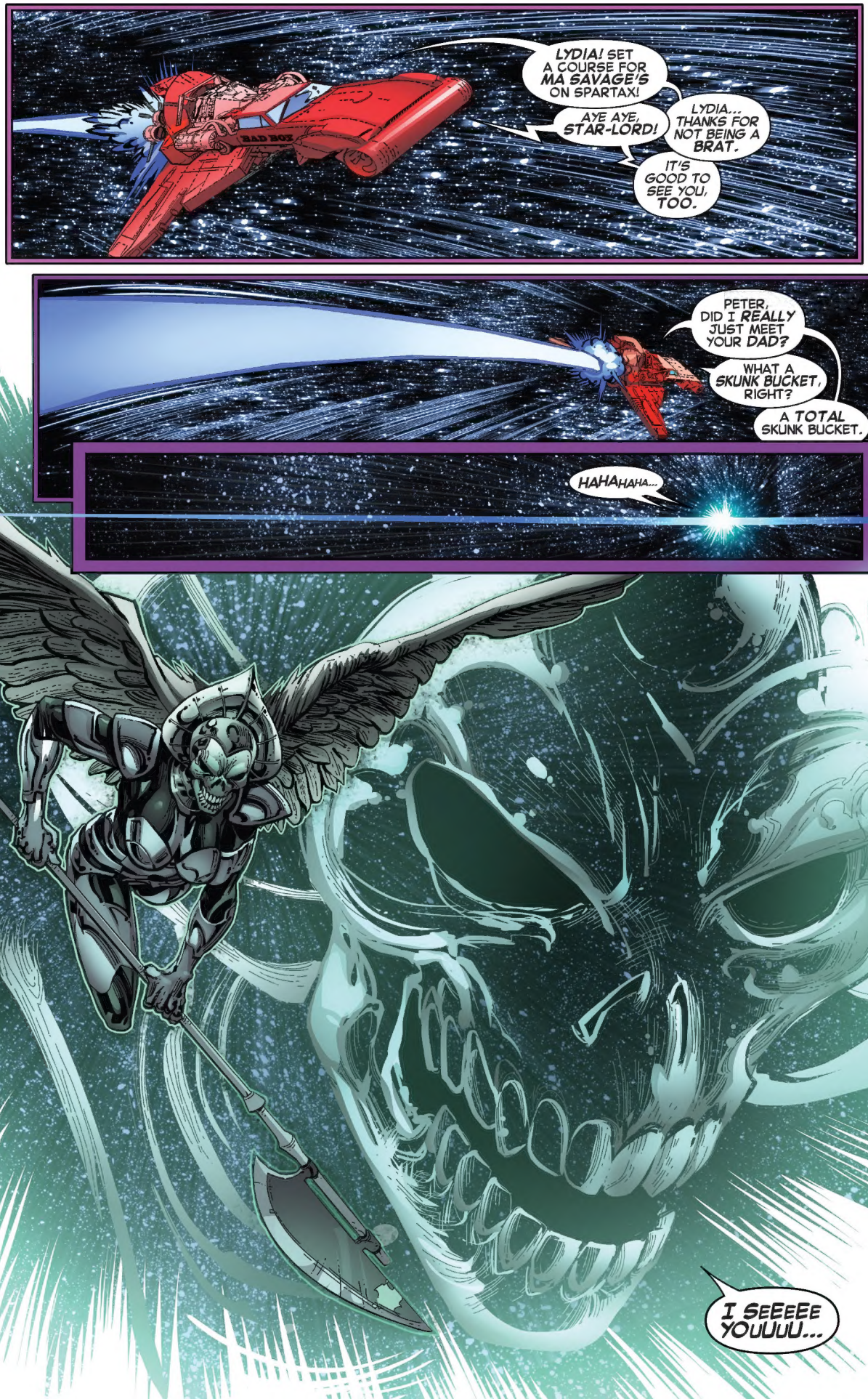
PETER!
IT'S THE GIRLFRIEND.
WHAT--?!
THUNK
THIS... MOUSY THING?
THWAK
MY HERO.
HOLD YOUR BREATH!

BREATHE!
GASP
IT STINKS LIKE--!
HOLD YOUR--

BAD BOY
THAT WAS SO COOL!
GO NOW FLY GO GO FLY FAST!
CLUMP
YEEEE-HAAAW!

KITTY... YOU SAVED ME! THAT WAS AMAZING!
KSHOOOM
NOT SO BAD IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!
BUT YOU HATE SPACE!
I MADE AN EXCEPTION. JUST FOR YOU, PETER. I PROMISED I'D RESCUE YOU, DIDN'T I?
I CAN'T BELIEVE... YOU'RE REALLY HERE.
I KNOW. NO MORE HOLOGRAMS. JUST YOU. AND ME. NOW WE CAN FINALLY--
THIS IS WHERE SOMETHING GOES WRONG, RIGHT? SOMETHING RUINS THE MOMENT?
NOT THIS TIME, SPACE BOY. C'MERE--
--I TRAVELED A BILLION LIGHT YEARS FOR THIS.


AFTER ALL THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH...
...DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS GONNA SPOIL IT FOR THEM?


LYDIA! SET A COURSE FOR MA SAVAGE'S ON SPARTAX!
AYE AYE, STAR-LORD!
LYDIA... THANKS FOR NOT BEING A BRAT.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO.
BAD BOZ
PETER, DID I REALLY JUST MEET YOUR DAD?
WHAT A SKUNK BUCKET, RIGHT?
A TOTAL SKUNK BUCKET.
HAHAHAHA...
I SEEEEE YOUUUU...

BRENNAN-7.
A DIRTY, DUSTY PLANET.
"KILL THE GUARDS."
THEY LET MY SON ESCAPE. THEY'LL FACE THE CONSEQUENCES.
I'LL HAVE FATHER DIABLO TAKE CARE OF IT.
BLIGH, UPDATE.
RANSOM INCOME UP 5%. EXTORTION HAS DOUBLED FROM LAST QUARTER. GENERAL THEFT PROFITS REMAIN STEADY.
EXPENSES, HOWEVER, ARE SKYROCKETING.
THE INVESTMENT WILL BE WORTH IT, BLIGH.
WE'LL ALL BE RICH, ONCE WE GET THE FINAL PAWN IN MY PLAN--
GREETINGS, STRANGERS!
IT IS THE WILL AND THE WORD OF OUR SAVIOR THAT ALL ARE WELCOME HERE!
DO YOU WISH TO WITNESS HIS MIRACLES FOR YOURSELF?

ARE YOU SURE HE'S HERE, CZAR?
OH, HE'S HERE ALL RIGHT.
TOOK US WEEKS TO TRACK HIM DOWN AFTER THAT INCIDENT ON MALADY.
SEEMS LIKE HE'S BEEN ACTING VERY ERRATICALLY--
QUIET. IT'S STARTING.

--AND ALL SHALL BE WELCOME. OUTCASTS. OUTSIDERS. ORPHANS.
THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN. THOSE WITH NO PLACE TO GO.

GRAAAAAUGH--
I FEEL YOUR PAIN. DEEP IN MY HEART.
COME TO ME, MY FLOCK, AND I SHALL PROTECT YOU--

--FROM THE HORRORS OF THE COSMOS.
KRAT

THANE SHALL PROTECT YOU ALL!
TO BE CONTINUED...!